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Daily Morning Chronicle.

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THE SUNDAY MORNING CHRONICLE
A Literary and Political Journal.

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THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE,
ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.

Three Dollars per Annum. Two Dollars for Six Months. No subscription received for less than Six Months, except from soldiers, for whom the Weekly Chronicle will be sent to any address for Three Months, for One Dollar.



THE OBSEQUIES

THE CEREMONIES IN THE PRESIDENTIAL MANSION.

THE DISTINGUISHED CROWD IN ATTENDANCE.

THE ORATION AND PRAYERS

AN IMMENSE PROCESSION.

SPLENDID MILITARY DISPLAY.

DELEGATIONS FROM A DISTANCE.

SERVICES AT THE CAPITOL.

A GUARD OF HONOR.

THE REMAINS LYING IN STATE.

THE PUBLIC ADMITTED TO THE CAPITOL TO-DAY.

Of all the memorable days in the annals of the United States, none will be remembered by the present generation, or read of in history by those who come after us with stronger feelings of regret and pride, than yesterday; regret at the distressing manner of the death of so great and good a benefactor of his country, and pride in the ample demonstrations of respect and gratitude for his services.

The brief time which had elapsed since the dire calamity bereft the nation of its chosen head, all classes of a benefactor, and the misguided people of the South of their most merciful friend, prevented the extended preparations and the universal attendance from all sections of the country, which would otherwise have been certain. All that could be present upon such short notice were here to manifest their grief and participate in paying the last sad tribute of respect to him whom the people, without distinction of party, so much loved.

At an early hour yesterday morning, every street and avenue leading from the Capitol to the President's Mansion, was alive with people. The associations which had made arrangements to join in the procession were formed between nine and ten o'clock. The clerks of the several [illegible]

lines of white, were reserved for the various groups expected, by a card being laid on each with writing, stating the use for which it was intended.

The northwestern corner was reserved for the pall bearers; next, to the eastward, was the partition ticketed for the New York delegation; next came that of the Army and Navy, then that of the Judiciary, and behind these, officers of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions; next were stationed Governors of various States and Territories, Heads of Bureaus, Assistant [illegible]

of my days; that I may be certain how long I have to live.

Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in respect of Thee; and verily every man living is altogether vanity.

For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly my hope is even in Thee.

Deliver me from all my offences, and make me not a rebuke unto the foolish.

When thou with rebukes dost chastise man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth [illegible]

[illegible]

guard of the President, and a guard of honor composed of several officers remained in charge, with the Capitol police, under charge of Captain Newman, to remain there all night.

The Last Opportunity to View the Remains.

The Capitol will be open to-day, and the public will be admitted to the rotunda from eight o'clock A. M. until six o'clock P. M., to enter at the west door, and pass out at the east door.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

Sandy Hook, April 19.—The steamship Persia, from Liverpool April 8 and Queenstown the 9th, is now passing this point, with dates two days later.

Consols for money, 90⅜@90½.

Five-twenties, 67½@83.

Arrived from Baltimore, ship Johan Wilhelming at Bremen.

In one of the processes of steel-pen making, done by females, at Birmingham, a quick worker will cut in one day of ten working hours two hundred and fifty gross, or thirty six thousand pens, which involves seventy-two thousand distinct motions of the arm—two in every second.

SHERMAN.

HIS OCCUPATION OF RALEIGH.

CELEBRATION OF LATE VICTORIES.

Goldsborough, April 9, 1865.

This morning the busy preparations for an immediate advance are observable in the streets of this town and the camps around it. All last night wagons thronged the roads and horsemen rushed to and fro with orders and replies. A portion of the left wing, General Slocum commanding, has already started, and the rest will be under way ere the day closes. The centre and right wing are expected to leave to-morrow.

The destination of the march is evidently Raleigh, or wherever else the redoubtable Johnston may choose to court defeat by making a stand. The only strategic points being the rebel armies, and those being on wheels at present, it is not unlikely that the Western army has another long march before it.

Last night occurred almost the only public demonstrations which have been made in celebrating the capture of Richmond and Petersburg, and this was generally a spontaneous affair. As the shades of evening began to render earthly matters rather gloomy, a rocket was seen to course its whizzing way toward the sky. This was followed by another and another, and the soldiers soon began to greet each fiery messenger with cheers and musket salutes. Until a late hour of the night the 4th of July revelry was continued. The band of the 33d Massachusetts, said to be the best in the army, discoursed some delightful music at General Sherman's headquarters, where quite a crowd collected in the expectation of hearing a speech from the old hero.

Being repeatedly called upon, Sherman at last made his appearance with a lantern in his hand, and walking down to the gate of the yard, said to the soldiers outside: "I'll tell you what I'll do, boys. I will read you the last despatch, just an hour old," and with this characteristic speech, he gave way to Major Strong, of his staff, who read a telegram from the Lieutenant General, dated near Burksville, saying that he had Lee's army pressed hard; Lee's men were scattering and going to their homes by thousands, and that he was retreating upon Danville, and directing Sherman to press Johnston, and we will finish the affair at once.

After hearing this despatch, three cheers were given for General Sherman, and most of the crowd wended their way to their quarters, satisfied with having once again seen their commander.

THE OCCUPATION OF RALEIGH.

Goldsborough, N. C., April 14.—Our forces entered and occupied Raleigh yesterday. Very little opposition was made. The advance of General Sherman to the city was attended with but slight skirmishing.

Johnston has fallen back, it is conjectured, in the direction of Greensboro. Even if there is no intention on his part to surrender at present, his capture is but a matter of a few days. It is believed here, however, that he intends to surrender, and the delay in doing so is inexplicable to the people hereabouts.

The railroad is now running twelve miles beyond this place, and communication will be had with Raleigh in a few days.

[illegible]

HE IS SPOKEN TO ON A RAILROAD TRAIN.

An Extra Train Sent After Him.

Reading, April 19.—Booth, the assassin, it is supposed, was on the passenger train that left here at six o'clock for Pottsville. A gentleman noticed him on the train before it reached Pottsville, spoke to him, and shook hands with him. During the conversation, Booth colored up several times, and appeared annoyed, and desirous of avoiding observation. The gentleman is positive it is Booth, he having known him several years. Why he did not give the alarm at once, or before the train left, I do not know; but just as the train left, he notified several of the officers of the road, and an extra train was immediately sent in pursuit of the train. Telegrams were sent to all points upon the line of the railroad. The result is unknown, as yet.

SECOND DESPATCH.

Reading, April 19.—The extra train did not overtake the regular train, but arrived at Pottsville after it.

The conductor informed the party that the suspected man got off at Port Clinton. The train returned, but the man had gone, which way, or how, no one appeared to know.

MORE ABOUT BOOTH.

[From the Buffalo Courier, April 17.]

We are assured by a gentleman who claims to have positive knowledge on the subject that Booth is an own cousin of the rebel Captain Beall, who was executed a few weeks since on Governor's Island. A very strong effort, it will be remembered, was made to induce the President to pardon Beall, but without avail. It would be eminently consistent with the known character of Booth, if, in consequence of this fact, he had bound himself to be the avenger of his relative, and had pursued his hellish purpose to its consummation mainly from motives of personal revenge.

HIS IDEA OF IMMORTAL FAME.

[From the Cleveland Leader, April 17.]

We learn on the best authority that when Wilkes Booth was in this city a year and a half ago, he remarked to a prominent citizen that "the man who killed Abraham Lincoln would occupy a higher niche of fame than George Washington." This demonstrates that his infamous deed was long premeditated.

LONG CONTEMPLATION OF THE CRIME.

[From the Chicago Journal.]

A theatrical gentleman of this city informs us that in the early part of 1863, during an engagement of J. Wilkes Booth at McVicker's theatre, he made the remark one day, "What a glorious opportunity there is for a man to immortalize himself by killing Lincoln!"

"What good would that do?" he was asked.

He then quoted these lines:

"The ambitious youth who fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool who reared it."

"Well, who was that ambitious youth—what was his name?" was then asked.

"That I don't know," Booth replied.

"Then where's the fame you speak of?"

This, our informant tells us, nonplussed him.

From this it would seem that the assassin has had the commission of this horrid crime in his mind for at least two or three years.

General Wallace Resumes Command.

By the following order, issued yesterday, it will be seen that Major General Lew. Wallace resumes command of the Middle Department. Brevet Brigadier General Morris, who has so satisfactorily administered the affairs of the Department during the absence of General Wallace, takes command of Fort McHenry and the other defences of the city:

Headquarters Middle Department,
Eighth Army Corps,
Baltimore, Md., April 19, 1865.

General Orders, No. 85.

The undersigned respectfully announces his resumption of command of the Department, lately so well conducted by Brevet Brigadier General W. W. Morris. Lew. Wallace,
Major General Commanding.

Official: D. P. Thruston, Capt. and A. D. C.

SPECIAL ORDER.

Headquarters Middle Department,
Eighth Army Corps,
Baltimore, Md., April 19, 1865.

General Orders No. 86.

The gray uniform worn by certain young men, said to be students, has become so offensive to loyal soldiers and citizens that it is prohibited in this Department.

This order will take effect from and after the 25th of the present month. By command of
Major General Wallace.

George H. Hooker, Assistant Adj Gen.

Official: D. P. Thruston, Capt. and A. D. C.

It is reported that the Bishop of Oxford will introduce in Parliament a bill to enable existing bishops to nominate two suffragan bishops, from whom the crown is to choose one as a successor to the bishop of the diocese. If carried, some of the premier's perquisites will be gone.

The vote of the New Hampshire soldiers adds 706 to the plurality of General Marston, 518 to that of Mr. Rollins, and 593 to that of Mr. Patterson, for Congress.

712009.085.00824

Daily Chronicle.

D. C. FORNEY, Publisher.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1865.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S REMAINS.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON D. C., 11 P. M., April 19.

Major General Dix, New York:

It has been finally concluded to conform to the original arrangements made yesterday for the conveyance of the remains of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, from Washington to Springfield, viz: by way of Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, Chicago, to Springfield.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

The solemn hush of public expression of indignation which was caused yesterday by the last sad ceremonies over the lifeless body of our late friend and President was but a temporary lull. The feeling of horror and exasperation is everywhere increasing. This is but natural. Every loyal American feels that the death of Mr. Lincoln is not only a national, but a personal, bereavement, and every one is controlled, in some measure, by revengeful feeling. We should not, however, allow ourselves to be carried away by passion. Let us not imitate the barbarous ferocity and the insane rage which have characterized those who have promoted this wicked rebellion and incited assassins to do this dreadful deed. Let us be stern and just and dignified. Let the law—not lynch law—take its proper course. The terrible struggle of the last four years has vindicated the people of the free States, and demonstrated the capacity of a free people for self-government. The great struggle for the conquest of the rebellion has been successful. In numbers, in power, in resources, in military talent, the North has proved itself the superior of the South. The great trial of our dignity of character, the time when our proper reverence for law and true justice shall be vindicated, has but just arrived. Let there be no outbursts of popular feeling, like the atrocities of the French Revolution, or the Lord George Gordon riots. Let us now exert our manly power of self-command, as we have heretofore proved our capacity for self-government.

The New York *Tribune* publishes the following communication, which is indicative, not of the true spirit of the North, but of the mad passion of the South:

> The rebels are telling for our dead President—the bravest, truest heart in all the land is still. If you don't hang 500 of your Northern pro-slavery traitors within a month, I hope in my soul they'll hang you within two. They show me little vim in the devil's service. I am a born and bred SOUTHERN WOMAN.

Upon this the editor of the *Tribune* replies, in words which we cordially assent to: We shall certainly hang nobody, nor incline here to hang political opponents, no matter what [illegible] of the man [illegible] hand many years [illegible] and have recorded too many acts of wicked violence to which men—and women, too—were subjected because they were alleged to be "Abolitionists"—as they had a legal and moral right to be. Our country has nobly passed through the bitter ordeal imposed on her by a horrid secession—let us all do our utmost to keep her calm and law-abiding to the end. Every act of mob violence is a national calamity and shame.

THE REBELS CONTENDING WITH PROVIDENCE.

An eloquent minister of religion in this city, on Sunday last, preached from the well-known text of Paul: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." The converse of the truth would seem to be equally true, viz.: that all things work together for evil to them that hate God. The authors of the Southern rebellion, in their pride, selfishness, and contempt of liberty and equity, banded together for the purpose of overthrowing the free Republic of the United States, and with the avowed intention of establishing on its ruins a slaveholding despotism, the cardinal principles of which were to be the inequality of rights among mankind, the perpetual enslavement of the weak to the strong. The immediate effect of their enterprise was the disruption of slaveholding society to its foundations, and the ultimate and not remote consequence will be the extirpation of slavery from the face of the earth. In like manner, the last spasmodic effort of the retreating demon was the assassination of the President of the United States, for the sake of revenge; and immediately the whole people of the loyal States, forgetting all party differences in the past, rise up as one man to demand the condign punishment of the assassin, his aiders, abettors, and prompters. The Government of the United States has never been so strong in the affections of the whole people since the war commenced as it is to-day; treason has never been so much detested, its authors have never been so odious, and their blood has never before been demanded with so much unanimity, as an atonement for their crimes.

The scheme of assassination was not without a purpose. It was not to be confined to the President and the Secretary of State, but embraced the Vice President and the whole Cabinet. But its authors show themselves to have been as stupid as they were wicked. For if they had succeeded in destroying the lives of the whole corps of Administration officials, they would have been as far as ever from the attainment of the main object, which was the paralyzation of the Government. They could not hope to destroy the army, and the army would maintain the national integrity until a new Presidential election could replace the ordinary civil government.

Extraordinary emergencies set aside the punctilios of official routine; and, for the purpose of perpetuating the nation, the usual forms of law and constitutional requirements may be dispensed with. Traitors who hope to destroy the Government of the United States by destroying its temporary administrators, commit the folly of mistaking names for things. The Union of the States and their Government are living realities, which would survive any number of officials. They exist in the hearts of a great people, and cannot be destroyed without the destruction of the power, of the power of the people. The Government is merely the sign of a latent power, which is indestructible by the hand of man. The storm of slaveholding treason has dashed against it in vain, because it was founded on a rock. Every attempt against its integrity, every device for its injury, reacts against its authors, because its foundation is the eternal principle of equity. In this connection we will be excused for adding the trite quotation from Bryant:

> "Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
> The eternal years of God are hers;
> But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
> And dies among his worshippers."

THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE for Saturday next, will appear to-day, at 5 o'clock P. M., containing all the particulars of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, with the eventful scenes of the funeral procession, and all details as to the arrest, examination, and evidence of suspected parties.

THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS.

We think we do not err in considering the letter, which we publish to-day, of J. Wilkes Booth, the murderer of President Lincoln, worthy of more than a passing notice. It appears in several newspapers in different cities, and is reported by each journal to have been furnished by the same person. The date, except "1864," is missing in all the copies. The accounts of the various journals in which it was printed on yesterday, conflict materially, and different details are given. We have no right to prejudge a matter of so grave importance as this, but we cannot refrain from making a few criticisms which will naturally occur to every intelligent person.

In the first place, the whole tone and tenor of this letter go to establish the theory that the murder of Mr. Lincoln was the act of a mere fanatic, who acted on his own responsibility, and had no conference with others, and no share in any "conspiracy." The same theory has been most vehemently advocated by such journals as the Chicago *Times* and the New York *Daily News*. The idea that there was some collusion has been not only intimated by Government officers, but confirmed by the facts already developed, and flashed all over the North by the telegraph. There has been time between Saturday morning and Wednesday morning, when this letter was first printed, for the conspirators, if there were any, to take the alarm and concoct measures to ward off the vengeance that will surely visit them. Nothing could do this more effectually than a statement, under the signature of the assassin, that he, and he alone, had conceived the crime. It does not appear that any responsible person has seen the document, or that it has been placed in the hands of the Government, although it is possible that this may have been done.

In the second place, this letter does not sound like Booth. He is no writer, and a very poor actor. Should he attempt to express himself in writing, he would most probably fall into a stilted and theatrical style of diction, such as might be expected of a person versed in stage literature, and knowing nothing beyond his profession as an actor. Far from this, the letter, while its drift is apparent, is long, and verbose, and contains nothing but the slang which has prevailed in the South for the last ten years, and which is fairly embodied in that detestable doggerel called "The Bonnie Blue Flag"—a stump speech in bad rhyme.

In the third place, there is a labored affectation of that blasphemous style of appealing to the Almighty, which has always characterized the proclamations, orders and public appeals of the rebels. There is also a perfectly ridiculous pretence of self-sacrifice to the "cause" of the South. Although the letter says that he "loved the Union," it argues the cause of slavery instead of that of freedom, and repeats the absurd declaration that there is more cruelty between father and son in the North than was shown toward the slaves of the South. The constitutional right of the Southern States to secede is also discussed. The statement that Booth made $20,000 a year in his "profession" every well-informed man knows to be false. His engagements were almost universally failures, and latterly no sagacious manager has dared to present him to the public. He failed in his profession. May it not be possible that the reward of a million of dollars to any man who would assassinate the President, which was advertised so extensively through the Southern newspapers, had some effect upon [illegible]

We do not care to go into [illegible] will be suggested to any one who reads this letter. It seems to us to have been written either for the purpose of getting up a morbid sympathy for the assassin of the President, or to create the impression that the horrid deed was simply of his own imagining, like the murder of Buckingham by Felton, as narrated by Dumas, and in no wise chargeable to the advice, counsel, or action of the leaders of the rebellion either North or South.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESIDENT.

We copy the following paragraph from the New York *Tribune*. It appeared in a letter of Dr. J. E. Snodgrass, of New York, on the issue of that journal of August 1, 1850. The statements of facts were obtained from Mr. Johnson himself, and are therefore authentic.

It will be interesting to the toiling, landless poor, to know something of this new advocate of their rights. Let me say, then, in the first place, as highly to his credit, that he is one who has not forgotten, in the honorable position to which he has been elevated, the rock from which he was hewn, as have too many public men. Mr. Johnson sprang from this very class, and is not ashamed to own it. He is a native of North Carolina. He went to Tennessee at the age of twenty, poor, friendless, and unlettered, *having never gone to school a day in his life.* He was a tailor by trade, of course he had but poor opportunities of getting an education there. But he was so fortunate as to marry a lady of education, and thus a teacher was supplied. A few years found him master of a profession (the law, which he never entered, having been kept constantly in public life) and a member of the Legislature—first of one branch, then of the other—and subsequently in Congress. Here he has been for eight years. Such, landlanders, is this new champion of your long and cruelly-withheld rights! Behold him, and honor him everywhere, as he deserves.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PHILADELPHIA FIREMEN.—The Perseverance Hose Company No. 5, of Philadelphia, under command of J. G. Butler, which organization was in the line of the funeral procession yesterday, paid their respects to President Johnson last evening. Joseph A. Bonham, chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, addressed the President in an appropriate manner. The President replied briefly, but with much cordiality, frankness, and evidence of high appreciation of the honor intended him, and of the true estimate of the dignity of the industrial classes.

The Monument to Mr. Lincoln.

To the Editor of the Chronicle:

I will be another of a million or more of men who will subscribe five dollars to finish the Washington Monument, and erect one to the memory of the late Abraham Lincoln.

Would it not be considered an honor by every soldier and sailor in the Union Army and Navy if such arrangements could be made by which one dollar of each man's pay for one month could be collected by the different paymasters of the army and navy, and that sum, together with other amounts from other sources now on hand or hereafter collected, be at once invested in U. S. bonds, so that an early consummation of the above objects could be depended upon?

The Washington Monument as it now stands is a disgrace to Americans, and I know of no better way of finishing it, and also of erecting one to the memory of the second Washington of our country, in which every patriot can so easily participate, than the plan above indicated.

A. P. D.

WASHINGTON, April 18, 1865.

To the Editor of the Chronicle:

I notice in your issue of this morning a communication signed E. D. B., offering to be one of a million to give five dollars each for a monument to the memory of President Lincoln.

The writer will gladly be another, and to give some form of organization to the effort, proposes that Mr. George Riggs, of Riggs & Co., be constituted the treasurer of the fund, and the money be sent to him from all parts of the country for the purpose.

W.

Order by the Postmaster General.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, April 18, 1865.

It is ordered that in honor of the memory of Abraham Lincoln, our lamented Chief Magistrate, the officers and employés of this Department wear crape upon the left arm for the period of six months.

W. DENNISON,
Postmaster General.

THERE are now two hundred and sixty-four post-towns in Great Britain which send a day mail to London; seventy-three towns which send three day mails to London; fifteen towns which send four day mails; and six which send five day mails.

THE NATIONAL CALAMITY.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, April 19.—The city to-day has worn the appearance of Sabbath. All the churches were filled, and discourses appropriate to the occasion were delivered.

After church hours thousands of citizens quietly promenaded the streets, viewing the costly drapery, which profusely covered nearly every building throughout the city.

Minute guns were fired at noon, and all the flags of vessels in the harbor continued at half-mast.

Reports from all parts of the State, the West, and New England, state that the same observances prevailed in honor of the funeral of our late President.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, April 19.—Independence Hall was heavily draped with mourning to-day, and the State House bell tolled in solemn respect to the deceased President.

There were imposing services at the Cathedral. Five prelates officiated at the entire mass, besides the bishop.

The churches of all denominations were heavily draped, and most eloquent sermons were delivered appropriate to the occasion.

All business was suspended, and a Sabbath-like stillness prevailed throughout the city.

BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, April 19.—The city presents a mournful appearance.

There is an entire suspension of business.

The buildings are draped with black, bells are tolling, and minute guns firing.

The churches are generally open.

Union Prayer Meeting in Canada

MONTREAL, April 19.—The public Union prayer meeting last night was densely crowded. The meeting throughout was characterized by the deepest solemnity. A feeling of earnest sympathy pervaded the whole of the vast multitude. Clergymen of all denominations were present.

The Rev. Mr. Kemp said they had come together to express their sympathy with a great nation—that a people were this night bowed with sorrow. Shall we refuse to bow with them, and with them drape our hearts with blackness and shed a tear over him who lies the victim of a cruel assassin?

The fall of Abraham Lincoln was a common sorrow to every man within whose breast beat a true Christian heart. Let them drop a tear for the mighty chieftain slain by the assassin's hand, and pray God that the calamity be converted into a blessing.

The Rev. Mr. Homer said he felt as if he had suffered a personal loss. He recounted many christian traits and charitable acts of the President. He felt that the death of President Lincoln would bind both nations heart to heart more than anything beside.

The Rev. Mr. Bond, of the Church of England, could not trust himself to speak on the subject, nor did he know how to characterize this cowardly, dastardly, fiendish act, which the inmost heart abhors.

A number of ministers spoke in the same feeling manner.

At the conclusion of the service, the solemn tones of the Dead March in Saul was pealed from the organ and the meeting dispersed.

MEETING IN CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, April 19.—In response to the call of a number of prominent citizens, a large meeting was held at Pike's Opera House last night. Mayor Harris, the chairman of the meeting, said there had been a disposition prevailing among some persons to use the terrible calamity which has befallen us as a pretext to raise disturbances.

Up to the present time, although some property has been destroyed, no lives have been lost. He favored law and order, and would enforce them at all hazards. He hoped the citizens of Cincinnati had sufficient confidence in General Hooker and himself to know that they would arrest any one who would now utter a disloyal sentiment.

Appropriate resolutions were passed, after which speeches were made by Judge Stover, Messrs. Challant, Gaddis, Noyes, and General [illegible]. The city was draped in mourning, and business is not yet fully revived, but confidence is almost restored, and a better feeling prevails.

A committee of six gentlemen were appointed to communicate with the proper authorities in Washington for the purpose of having the remains of the President pass through Cincinnati when on their way to Springfield.

FROM NORFOLK.

NORFOLK, VA., April 16.—The startling news of the brutal assassination of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, has reached here, and fell like the bursting of a shell upon the entire community. The affair was so entirely unlooked for and unexpected that it almost paralyzed everybody. The city is in mourning, the people sad and awe-stricken, and on every countenance is to be read the heart-rending intelligence. Main street, from one end to the other, is draped in black. Union men, as well as rebel sympathizers, mourn the loss the nation has sustained. The streets are deserted; people assemble in groups to converse about the probable fate of the country, and account of this unnatural murder. No cause can be imagined to have actuated the cowardly assassin to this hellish deed. Mail communication is stopped. No boat has arrived to-day from Baltimore—none has departed. Bulletins, as they are received by telegraph, are eagerly sought after, and that far we have only the news of the President's death, by having been shot in Ford's Theatre. Southern sympathizers deplore the circumstance; Union men weep over it.

The effect upon the army is terrible. The custom-house and Captain Blunt's office are festooned in black and white, as also Colonel Mann's (Provost Marshal) office. Soldier & Co., at the head of Market square, have decreed their back building in black, from the ground to the roof. The Atlantic and National Hotels are also draped in mourning, as also General Gordon's headquarters.

Mr. S. W. Glenn has closed his theatre, and will not open the same until after the obsequies of the late lamented President.

General Orders—No. 25.

HEADQ'S DISTRICT OF EASTERN VIRGINIA,
NORFOLK, VA., April 16, 1865.

The General Commanding announces with sorrow the sudden death of Abraham Lincoln. All the intelligence yet received is contained in the following telegram, dated April 15:

"President Lincoln was shot through the head at half-past ten o'clock last night, while in his private box at Ford's Theatre, Washington, and died at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock this morning. Secretary Seward's house was entered by another assassin at about the same hour (half past ten P. M., 14th) and the Secretary stabbed in several places; may possibly recover. His son Frederick was also stabbed, and will probably die of the wounds. Vice President Johnson is now officiating."

In the death of Abraham Lincoln the country has lost one of its best citizens and one of its most conscientious rulers. Our President was a just and a good man.

However deeply we may mourn his loss, let us be thankful to God that our country stands unshaken; and let those who believe our foundations are based upon anything but the firm and unshaken rock of the will of the people, lay to heart the truth of history, that neither king nor parliament can ever resist the omnipotence of popular ideas. By order of

Brig. Gen. Geo. H. Gordon.
T. H. HARRIS, Assistant Adjutant General.

Assassination of President Lincoln.

If anything additional were required to place President Lincoln's name in the very first rank of historical characters, it was the tragical death which he has just suffered, in common with the first and greatest Prince of Orange and Henry the great of France. If anything additional was necessary to place slavery in the category of the darkest crimes that have cursed the human race, it was the assassination of President Lincoln. That crime is committed not against a man or nation, but against humanity, and while all except the friends of slavery will be his chief mourners. To them his name will be a household word while the world lasts. To the poor slave it will point to their homes in safety a whole army of rebels, including their generals, whose lives were forfeited by the laws of their country, in a host he, the midst of the rejoicings over returning peace and good feeling, by some one of the class he was seeking magnanimously to conciliate. Were it not for the atrocious crime connected with the assassination of the President, that of Secretary Seward would be an event of the utmost importance.—*Montreal Daily Witness, April 15.*

ONE of the Commissioners for Emancipation was at Hilton Head in the earlier part of the war, and overheard a group of negroes, working for the government, talk about their chances for liberty. The question was raised among them whether the President knew their condition and would liberate them. An aged slave among them, who seemed a "class-leader," stopped his work, and, in the most impressive manner, said to them, with a certain awe which they all evidently responded to, "Da President! Why, de Lord he knows him! He is ebrywhere! He is like de blessed Lord; he walks de waters and de land!" This gentleman afterward related the incident to Mr. Lincoln, and the kind-hearted man had to turn away to the window to hide his tears at this instance of touching confidence and superstitious reverence in this simple-minded race toward himself.

BILLIARDS IN BOSTON.—The Boston *Post* says that the billiard match for the championship of Massachusetts, between Tobin, the present champion, and Williams, will be played on the 18th of July next. The German billiard players of Boston are about organizing a tournament, which will take place as soon as proper arrangements are made. They intend to devote the profits to the establishment of a German school.

The following exquisite lines are from the pen of Colonel Charles G. Halpine, whose recent soubriquet of "Miles O'Reilly" is perhaps more familiar to our readers:

THE LOST CHIEF.

> He filled the nation's eye and heart,
> An honored, loved, familiar name;
> So much a brother, that his fame
> Seemed of our lives a common part.
>
> His towering figure, sharp and spare,
> Was with such nervous tension strung,
> As if on each strained sinew swung
> The burden of a people's care.
>
> His changing face what pen can draw—
> Pathetic, kindly, droll, or stern!
> And with a glance so quick to learn
> The inmost truth of all he saw.
>
> Prize found so little space to spawn
> Her tawdries in his busy mind;
> His worth—like health or air—could find
> No just appraisal till withdrawn.
>
> He was his Country's—not his own!
> He had no wish save for her weal;
> Nor for himself could think or feel
> But as a laborer for her throne.
>
> Her flag upon the heights of power,
> Stainless and unassailed to place—
> To this one end his earnest face
> Was bent through every burdened hour.
>
> The veil that hides from our dull eyes
> A hero's worth, Death only lifts;
> While he is with us, all his gifts
> Find hosts to question, few to prize.
>
> But done the battle—won the strife,
> When torches light his vaulted tomb,
> Broad gems flash out and crowns illume
> The crisp-cold brows unconcerned in life.
>
> And men of whom the world will talk
> For ages hence, may notice walk
> And only, as they quit us, prove
> That giant souls have shared our walk;
>
> For Heaven—aware what follies lurk
> In our weak hearts—their mission done,
> Snatches her loved ones from the sun
> In the same hour that crowns their work.
>
> O, loved and lost! Thy patient toil
> Had robed our cause in Victory's light;
> Our Country stood, redeemed and bright,
> With not a slave on all her soil.
>
> Again o'er Southern towns and towers
> The eagles of our nation flew;
> And as the weeks to summer grew
> Each day a new success was ours.
>
> 'Mid peal of bells and cannon bark,
> And shouting streets with flags ablaze,
> Sped the swift arrow of thy doom,
> And in an instant, all was dark!
>
> Think slowly around us seem to press;
> The heart throbs quickly—then is still;
> Father, 'tis hard to say, "Thy will
> Be done!" in such an hour as this.
>
> A martyr to the cause of man,
> His blood is Freedom's eucharist,
> And in the world's great hero-list
> His name shall lead the van!
>
> Yea! raised on faith's white wings, unfurled
> In heaven's pure light, of him we say:
> "He fell on the self-same day
> A GREATER DIED TO SAVE THE WORLD."
>
> —*New York Herald.*

MR. LINCOLN'S FAME.

[From the N. Y. Tribune, April 19.]

Without the least desire to join in the race of heaping extravagant and preposterous laudations on our dead President as the wisest and greatest man who ever lived, we feel sure that the discerning and considerate of all parties will concur in our judgment that Mr. Lincoln's reputation will stand higher with posterity than with the mass of his contemporaries—that distance, whether in time or space, while dwarfing and obscuring so many, must place him in a fairer light—that future generations will deem him undervalued by those for and with whom he labored, and be puzzled by the bitter fierceness of the personal assaults by which his temper was tested.

One reason for this is doubtless to be found in the external, superficial, non-essential tests by which we are accustomed to gauge contemporary merit. A king without his crown and purple robes is to the vulgar apprehension a solecism, an impossibility. A coarsely-clad, travel-stained, barefooted Jesus could go nowhere in our fashionable synagogues, though every discourse were a Sermon on the Mount. And Mr. Lincoln was so essentially, so [illegible] a commoner—among [illegible] in the White House the identical "Old Abe" [illegible] doers in fifty free pews who had heard him from political stumps and by the cabin firesides—that the masses thought of him but as one with whom they had been splitting rails on a pleasant spring day, or making a prosperous voyage down the Mississippi on an Illinois flat-boat, and found him a downright good fellow. We have had Presidents before him sprung from the loins of poverty and obscurity, but never one so unfaithful to the last to simply, absolutely, alike in heart and manner, one of the people. No one who approached him, whether as valiant or sycophant, was ever repelled by an assumption nor disgusted by vulgarity. He was never conscious nor measured by any external or stubborn conduct, and he imposed no constraint nor ceremony on others. Every one found him easy of access, yet no one felt encouraged to take undue liberties. Mr. Everett, one of the best bred, most refined and fastidious of our countrymen, after observing him closely among the cabinet and foreign ministers, the governors, and other notables, collected at the Gettysburg celebration, pronounced him the peer in deportment of any one present. Presuming that to be the fact, it is probable that no one acted in the circumstance, more thought of manners, nor how he nor any one else was appearing to others. His mind was intent on matters of wider and more enduring consequence.

Mr. Lincoln has suffered in the judgment of his immediate contemporaries from one factor, of all things that he might have been required to do, the conduct of a great war was that to which he was least fitted. For war requires the utmost celerity of comprehension, decision, action; and Mr. Lincoln's mind was essentially of the "slow and sure" order. It was pretty certain to be right in the end; but in war, to be right, a little too late is equivalent to being wrong altogether. Besides, war sometimes requires sternness; and he was tender and merciful as a woman. He might have saved many lives by prompt severity toward a few of the active traitors who thronged Baltimore and Washington directly after the fall of Sumter, and openly, ostentatiously exulted over our disaster at Bull Run. That extreme lenity which builds the close of a civil war was most unluckily evinced by him at the beginning of one, giving every coward to understand that, while there was peril in steadfast loyalty, it was perfectly safe to be a traitor. No human apprehension Andrew Johnson should have been the man to grapple with and crush the rebellion, while Abraham Lincoln to pacify the country at its close, and heal the gaping wounds opened by four years of desperate, bloody conflict. But it was otherwise ordered.

There was never an hour when the strength, the resources of the Republic were not ample for the direct and signal overthrow of slave-holding treason; but its imbecility, incapacity, and lack of purpose, so common among our high military officers in the early stages of our struggle—disqualifications which our Commander-in-Chief should have promptly overcome, even though it had been requisite to hoot a general daily for two or three months—long rendered our success at best doubtful. Bruce, forsooth, who noted the effect without knowledge of the cause, confidently, and not unreasonably, predicted our ultimate failure. It was a perfectly natural, though happily ill-grounded, deduction that a Government that could not catch a rebellion so that of Bull Run, when it had superabundant means to win it, would never put down a gigantic rebellion. But our President was like our hero Bruce, the great Northern and Southern match race of 1824, wherein the North was badly beaten on the first heat, but won it a second and third.

As premier of a government like the British, where the position requires skill and tact in debate, or rather in the elucidation of profound truths, so that they can hardly evade the dullest apprehension. No other man ever so successfully confronted, before a prejudiced, angry, declaiming audience, the plausible fallacies of Senator Douglas' vaunted "Popular Sovereignty." His familiar exposition of that doctrine in his Springfield speech, opening the Senatorial canvass of 1858—"If A. wants to make B. a slave, C shall not interfere"—was only paralleled in that passage of one of his replies to his gifted antagonist.

"My distinguished friend says it is an insult to the emigrants of Kansas and Nebraska to suppose that they cannot govern themselves. We must not slur over an argument of this kind because it happens to tickle the ear. I admit that the emigrant to Kansas or Nebraska is competent to govern himself, but I deny his right to govern any other person without that person's consent."

Men of greater talent have made Republican speeches in this city; but Mr. Lincoln's Cooper Institute address of March, 1860, remains to this day the most lucid, cogent, convincing argument of them all. So at the consecration of the Gettysburg National Cemetery (November 19, 1863), where Edward Everett made an elaborate and graceful oration, and others spoke fitly and well, the only address which the world will remember was that of the President, who simply said:

"Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

"I have not assumed to control events—events have controlled me," said Mr. Lincoln, in answer to a Kentucky complaint that he was radical in 1864–5 than he had been in 1861–2. That was the simple truth, nobly and tersely expressed; and in that truth he exhibited both the weakness and the strength of the man. He was not the man of transcendent genius, of rare insight, of relentless force of character, who bends everything to his will. On the contrary, he was one of those who have awaited opportunity, and though long and patiently, before venturing on an important step, bracketing intently for that "voice of the people" which was to him, in most cases, "the voice of God." He hesitated to put down his foot, feeling the ground carefully, deliberately; but, once down, it was hard to make him take it up again. A striking and eminent exemplar of some of the best points in our national character, he sleeps the sleep of the honored and just, and there are few graves which will be more extensively, persistently visited, or bedewed with the tears of a people's fonder, fonder affection, than that of Abraham Lincoln.

Political Assassination.

[From the N. Y. World.]

It is no long now since a European ruler fell under the assassin's dagger that we shall hardly be surprised to see the mad and brutal murder of the President taken up by the press of England and France as a conclusive proof of the incapacity of the Americans for self-government, and of the failure of republican institutions.

Yet nothing could well be more unfair or more absurd. Had the assassination of Mr. Lincoln violated the earlier stages of our conflict; had the dagger been invoked in the outset of this great civil strife, from its argument from its wan tragedy perhaps have been tenable. But at this crisis of the great struggle it plays a part, not of policy, but of despair; it represents not the temper and the habits of a people, even of a section of a people, but the frenzy of a faction or an individual. The dramatic features of the horrible transaction are perhaps properly attributable to the profession of training and turn of mind of the reputed assassin; and, striking as they are, it is important that we should hear this fact in mind in estimating, as well as under the stress of the excited popular feeling of the hour we may, the relations of this appalling crime to the mighty history of which it some how forever to conspicuous an episode.

Again and again, during the past half century, the lives of European princes and sovereigns have been taken or threatened in like manner. Louis Philippe, during the eighteen years of his reign over France, escaped so many attempts upon his existence; and Europe has scarcely yet recovered from the political commotion into which it was thrown by the last and most formidable of several similar efforts to revive the problem of imperialism or republicanism in France by cutting the slender thread of the life of Napoleon III.

Under the first French republic, men's minds were dangerously familiarized with the cheap and easy expedient of meeting political difficulties by putting out of the way the leading representatives of one or another political faith. Charlotte Corday, possessed with a blind feminine horror of the excesses of Marat, devoted herself to death in the hope of ridding France of a despot of opinion, while he made the guillotine an institution and terror a religion. When the arms of the French republic had triumphed over Italy, the Italian plotted to mediate the assassination of the French in the East, a Syrian fanatic, in a kindred spirit, sacrificed himself to the frantic expectation that the death of Kleber, the successor of Bonaparte in the command of the army of Egypt, would rid the Orient of the accursed presence of the Giaour. Napoleon himself, as First Consul and as Emperor was called to confront a like peril; and the darkest stain which rests upon his name, the capture and execution of the Duke d'Enghien, was excused to his own mind, and is palliated by his admirers, on the ground that the adherents of the old race of Bourbon, the believer in the "right divine of kings to govern wrong," had such plots upon his life, and had effected assassination into part of the lawful machinery of political warfare. The existence and publication of a Royalist defence of the rights of St. Helena bequeathed a considerable sum of money to a soldier of the empire who, after the definitive [illegible] pardoned and to be elected by the assassination of the Duke of Wellington, the commander of the allied armies, as on the results of that campaign proved, that kind of French independence and French liberty.

The duke escaped the madman's dagger; but he fell beneath his death would have relieved, perhaps, the general parallel that will be found in modern times to the murder of Abraham Lincoln by a Southern bravo at the very moment when he was anxious to use all that his executive authority to reconcile the Union on a basis of security to the victorious North and of mercy to the defeated South. Were it possible now to divert our minds from its intimate to the spectacular aspects of the foul crime on which the attention of the civilized world must now be fixed, the assassination of Gustavus III., of Sweden, by Count Anckarström, on the 16th of March, 1792, would supply hardly less striking historical parallel. Gustavus III., having entered into an alliance with the continental monarchs to resist the invasions of France upon national independence throughout Europe, was compelled to defeat the assassins' plots. The conspirators, though they could not find the excess of a conspiracy against his life; and at a masked ball in the palace he was approached from behind by Anckarström, who, armed with a pistol, and concealed by his domino, shot the king through the back, and made his escape through the crowd ere he could be identified. The king died, and the murderer, subsequently seized and glorying in his crime, was put to death. Sweden, however, was not detached from the European alliance; and the object aimed at in this great crime was unattained.

And, if we except the political consequences of the murder of the Duke of Berri, the son of Charles X. of France, killed, like our venerable President, at the theatre, in 1820, it will not be to find in this a case in modern history in which the results of a political assassination had not recoiled in ruin upon its authors.

And even in the case of the Duke of Berri, it is perhaps demonstrable that the cause of the monarchy, aimed at in his person, was made thoroughly strengthened and made longer tenable, in spite of the folly of its supporters, by the revulsion of the public feeling against the savage spirit which had actuated the assassins of an heir to the throne. Louvel was abhorred among the men.

Revolutions in all times and among all races of a feverish impatience of law, and a contempt of the political processes by which Providence accomplishes the welfare of nations, the moral tendency of which is to stimulate hot and ill-balanced natures to such crimes as that which now, for the first time in our annals, calls upon our nation; but the American people, in the ways of God are, and always have been, dedicated to man by the sure though sometimes slow vengeance which such crimes inevitably invoke, including with their own proven inventors and engineers of these diabolical offences against religion and humanity.

FROM CHARLESTON.

The News of Lee's Surrender.

[Correspondence of the New York Times.]

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 14, 1865.

The glorious news of the surrender of General Lee and the entire Army of Northern Virginia reached here last evening, having been brought down by the steamer Oceanus. The intelligence was immediately transmitted to the Charleston Hotel, at which resort were gathered a large number of officers and citizens of prominence participating in the ceremonies at Fort Sumter to-day. No sooner had a summary of the news been circulated among the party than into the hotel rushed a passenger from the steamer, waving over his head a copy of the New York *Times*, which had the official announcement and correspondence of the capitulation in full. In a moment, the honor of the paper was assailed by an eager and excited group, all clamoring to hear the news read aloud. At the request of the entire party, Gen. Thayer read amid a shout of joy, dispatch after dispatch. The cheering was repeated with cheers and shouts. Many were so intensely wild with delight that they could scarcely refrain from seizing the newsboy at the shoulders, and carrying him in triumph about the corridor. One reading did not suffice. The party, determined to hear the news again procured, snatched the paper from the hands of its owner, and insisted that one of their number, who had a remarkably heavy voice, should mount the office counter and repeat what had already been heard. By the meantime the crowd had greatly increased, and the excitement became more intense in proportion. So enthusiastic and handsome were indulged in, and hundreds of the officers declared that they would not sit any account, sleep a single wink that night. It was fortunate for themselves that they came to that conclusion, for every room of the hotel was taken long before dark, and the prospect of their getting sleeping accommodations was by no means flattering. Such as enthusiastic and delighted assemblage I will venture to say has been witnessed in Charleston for many years. Even the few resident citizens present joined in the general hilarity. Gov. Thayer led the whole party in giving Senator Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, entered the hotel, and after being urged to read to the welcome news aloud, yielded to the urgent calls of the people. The speech was brief but pointed, and was received with rounds of cheers. Brigadier General Woodman, who accompanied Senator Wilson, was next prevailed upon to make a few remarks. In the course of which he did not fail to triumph over the enemy. The news had wonderful effect on the doubtful loyal citizens. Men who a week or ten days ago predicted that, notwithstanding the precarious condition of the rebel affairs about Richmond and other points, the war would continue for a long period yet, and that Lee would in all probability succeed in getting his army into the South western States, now unhesitatingly assert that the rebellion has met its death-blow.

MOBILE.

OPERATIONS IN MOBILE BAY.

VERY INTERESTING PARTICULARS.

On Saturday, the 8th inst., all day, great preparations were made to get every piece of ordnance in position, which was accomplished about 5 o'clock, P. M. Twenty-two heavy Parrotts were got within half a mile of Spanish Fort, and half as many mortars, while the 17th Indiana, 7th Massachusetts, and 21st New York batteries were advanced to within one-third of a mile of the enemy's works.

At a given time, our entire artillery, assisted by two of our gunboats, blazed away with great fury and alacrity, and at the same time our sappers and skirmishers advanced and killed every rebel artillerist who showed his head. For several hours the roar of artillery was one of the most awful I have ever heard, with the additional reverberations of 20,000 men.

At eight o'clock there was no abatement of our musketry, while the fainting of the rebel artillery, responded to, gave some indication of the enemy's works. After midnight, when the firing in Spanish Fort almost entirely ceased. In an hour afterward, that our entire force, and at two o'clock on the morning of April 9, our troops were in possession of Spanish Fort and Fort Alexander, and all the enemy's guns, including twenty odd pieces of artillery, a vast amount of ammunition, one general officer, and nearly 1,000 prisoners.

The guns of both forts were immediately turned on Forts Tracy and Huger in the harbor, at the mouth of the Blakely and Apalachee rivers, but failed to elicit a reply. It was subsequently ascertained both works were evacuated by the enemy, after spiking eight heavy guns.

Our monitors and gunboats now went to work, under great pressure, and in a short time succeeded in removing torpedoes, and after their [illegible] and rushing up along within reading distance of Mobile. The [illegible] fleet line moved up at night close enough to throw in at the enemy's water batteries, or several shells [illegible].

Since the 9th inst., the town of Blakely has been thoroughly invested by land, so that water communication had not been cut off. Before long, however, two vessels of our fleet got close enough to commence the movement on the works; and it was resolved to attack Fort Blakely simultaneously. Gen. Steele commanded on the right, General Smith in the centre, and General Granger on the left.

Shortly after the capture of Spanish Fort, intelligence of the capture and the fall of Richmond was read to the troops, and it was greeted with orders to attack Fort Blakely. An hour was fixed for the attack, and about five o'clock the entire force moved on the fortifications. The fire from the rebel batteries was terrific for a short time, but the advance of our infantry was irresistible. Over fifteen murderous fire of grape and canister was poured into them, and torpedoes under foot, they elaborately constructed abatis and chevaux-de-frise, swept over the ditches, and at the point of the bayonet carried the works.

The success of the assault was manifested by the vociferous shouts of the troops, and for many minutes their demonstrations were indicative of their enthusiasm and rejoicing. Our victory was then absolute and complete; that the results of the assault were the capture of several batteries of artillery, large quantities of ammunition, Generals Gibson and Liddell, and nearly four thousand prisoners. Our loss in this whole affair is about three hundred killed and wounded, as near as I can estimate.

The national flag floats over the forts, and the eastern shore of the bay, and will probably float over Mobile before to-morrow night. Boats are working up no opposition.

The enemy's loss in killed and wounded will amount to about 1,500.

A division of colored troops under General Hawkins, on our extreme right, behaved handsomely, and like their white comrades, exhibited noble pluck and intrepidity.

The enemy's works were very strong, and especially our lines were calculated by 124-pounder shells from the rebel iron clads Nashville and Huntsville. During the whole siege our troops exhibited the most remarkable valor and endurance. For two weeks the enemy's firing was on shore and in the bay, and kept up an incessant fire day and night. Into the first day of the siege, within a third of a mile of the fort, and held it until its terminating a loss of fifteen men killed and wounded; and most of our guns assisted. The 1st Indiana heavy artillery, 3d Indiana, 7th Massachusetts, 17th Ohio, and 21st New York batteries are distinguished themselves. The Iowa and Illinois troops have suffered most during the siege.

In proceeding to the investment of Fort Blakely, many of our troops were killed and injured by torpedoes. The roads were literally filled with them, and in an attempt to raise the monitor Milwaukee, which was sunk, we just sustained little injury. In sight in the vessel, two monitors and one gunboat, the Milwaukee and one gunboat have been taken out, and, as to lightening, it is believed she can be raised in a few days. The other iron clad was lost. The two tin-clads and one transport were destroyed, with the loss of six men lost from the explosion. Further particulars will be transmitted soon.

GENERAL WILSON'S OPERATIONS.

General Wilson's cavalry success is certainly brilliant. The rebel papers concede the honor to the opinion that he has succeeded in everything in Central Alabama. He left Eastport about the 20th ult., and advanced in several columns, and struck at Marion and Plantersville simultaneously, respectively about twenty miles to the northward and northeast of Selma. Two brigades of Buford's and Forrest's command, under General Armstrong, stood at Marion, and after a stubborn fight were at Plantersville. The Mobile *Register* says the fight at Marion commenced on the 31st ult., was quite severe, and lasted several hours. Two regiments were armed with Spencer rifles, which backed rapid and fearful destruction into the rebel ranks. The *Register* says that there loss in killed and wounded is the heaviest. Their accounts admit that their loss in killed and wounded was greater than ours, and also that they had to retreat. In the fight at Plantersville, in which Forrest commanded, the [illegible] shows the fact with the rebel force, and among [illegible], many killed and wounded and a large number of prisoners.

The *Register* and *Tribune* both say that in the afternoon of the same day the Unionists at Selma, in front of the enemy's fortifications, and which General Wilson's forces had captured the fortifications, mounting thirty-two guns. Immediately, the work of destruction commenced, and in a brief time the entire Government works, arsenal, mills, foundries, factories, munitions of war, ordnance and subsistence stores, and other material were in ruins.

Prisoners and deserters say that General Wilson easily captured all opposition, and swept everything in his path, including cotton, store, railroad rolling stock, machinery, factories, foundries, cattle, horses, and negroes, leaving lamented death and desolation.

The Surrender of Lee.

A correspondent of the N. Y. *Times*, giving an account of the surrender of Lee, observes: The farewell address of General Lee to his defeated and departing army, you will notice, is brief, soldierly, and to the point, and evidently tries to instil a hopeful feeling in his men that he is but interpreting their own sentiments. He, like his subordinates, has entertained any such ideas of surrendering, it is not too sure. The farewell order has been received by the Army of Northern Virginia with profound silence and sincere sympathy for their old commander.

The most extraordinary ideas are held among most of the Confederate army as to the motives, intentions and disposition of our government regarding the leaders and generals now in our power or, and the great mass of the lower as they now stand—the perfect dismay and intense anxiety which still prevails about the heavy proclamation of the President regarding the rebels in arms who should lay down their arms and renew allegiance to the United States Government, and which document was not pleasantly unsuited with mention of officers, gives the rebels nothing to hope for. In some cases, the rebel officers knew of the fact that document they considered a trap, and disappointing ideas that all officers will eventually be delivered up at the hands of the common hangman. Not with the great mass of the enemy, it is a fact that among the generals, that those of the rebel army seriously and with desperate doubt, probably being to sign of some kind that the generals, in the first place, as is generally and some of the army have been the officers. Nothing but an assurance that it is deeply feared upon, rescue any of their private soldiery. It is a hope of success had been given, both of them had a parole that the Federal government [illegible] for fear that any of the officers of the government would even a feeling of wholesome in the desponding minds of the Southern leaders or generals. He was a great deal of good in dispelling the doubts and reassuring the doubting, and in reassuring the anxious minds of the Southern people, and that he could not be understood as the head of the North, or, in proper terms, the Government.

In an interview between one of our generals and General Lee, the substance of conversation was very kindly repeated to me by one of the parties, the subject of the kindness of the government, and he particularly expressed himself feelingly regarding his surrendering. He acknowledged the fact of any reasonable conditions would have been exercised to an end toward the South, that we might consider the war all the same end. He spoke, or, whatever, and cruelty (I believe that was the expression) was exhibited, none could tell when the rebellion [illegible]. He seemed resigned to his fate his army had encountered, but he evidently seemed determined to discard all thoughts of the future.

I heard an interesting account of what General Lee said to some of the soldiers near General Longstreet's headquarters. After he returned from the conference and the arrangement for the surrender, he spoke briefly, and told those that he had made as good a fight as he could, and now he had made as honorable a capitulation as possible under the circumstances. Then he shook hands with many of them, and retired to his tent. It was indeed a hard fate to be a man.

Many of the generals gave evidence of great chagrin, and some of them were really relaxed into consternation on the subject of the surrender. They did not either of any discourtesy any great extent, and no doubt felt very great regret at the result of the campaign.

I had an estimate made by one of General Hill's (or Longstreet's) staff, and as it is no doubt a very fair one, I append it:

Ewell's corps	7,000
Longstreet's command	10,000
Hill's corps	8,000
Anderson's corps	7,000
Gordon's corps	4,000
Artillery	3,000
Cavalry (cos dismounted)	5,000
Locals (South Lee's command)	6,000
Total	50,000

In addition to these are to be added—

Teamsters and train men	4,000
Detailed men	3,000
Other non-combatants	2,000

Or, in other words, that the total strength of Lee's army was 67,000 men. Of these we captured nearly 40,000 men during the campaign in actual combat, and on Sunday the army surrendered by Lee was 13,000. As a matter of course the casualties must be larger than 5,000. However this is not much of our way.

Without going into any statement of our forces, I may venture to say that the number of our troops actually engaged in the pursuit of Lee was not over 70,000 men. Of course our reserves would count on as large an army, but no occasion arose for their employment except to hold the evacuated cities of Richmond and Petersburg.

LETTER OF J. WILKES BOOTH.

[From the Baltimore American.]

The following verbatim copy of a letter, in writing which is the hand-writing of John Wilkes Booth, the murderer of President Lincoln, has been furnished to us by the Hon. William Millward, United States Marshal of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. It was handed over to that officer by John S. Clarke, who is a brother-in-law of Mr. Booth. The history connected with it is somewhat peculiar. In November, 1864, the paper was deposited with Mr. Clarke, by Booth, in a sealed envelope, "for safe keeping," Mr. Clarke being ignorant of the contents. In January last, Booth called at Mr. Clarke's house, and asked for the package, and it was given up to him. It is now supposed that at that time no took out the paper and added to it his signature, which appears to be in a different ink from that of the body of the letter, and also, from the package, could not have been written by Mr. Clarke again for safe keeping, and bearing the superscription of "J. Wilkes Booth."

The enclosure was preserved by the family in total suspicion of its nature. After the affecting information of the assassination of the President, which came upon the family of Mr. Clarke with crushing force, it was concluded proper to open the envelope. Therein was found in it the following paper, with seven United States bonds and certificates of shares in oil companies. Mr. Clarke promptly handed over the paper to Marshal Millward, in whose custody it now remains. From a perusal of this paper it seems to have been prepared by Booth as a vindication of some desperate act which he had in contemplation, and from the language used it is evident that it was a plot to abduct the President and carry him off to Virginia. If this was the plan it failed, and from making a prisoner of the President to his assassination was any easy step for a man of perverted principles. And it appears that Booth was one of the party who was engaged in the conspiracy to put an end to the Government, and from his connection with John Brown, at Ossawattomie, at which point, as he doubtless imbibed from Wise and his associates those detestable sentiments of cruelty which have culminated in an infamous crime. The letter is as follows:

———, ———, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR: You may use this as you think best. But as some may wish to know *when, who,* and *why*, and as I know not how to direct, I give it (in the words of your master)

"*To whom it may concern*":

Right or wrong, God judge me, not man. For be my motive good or bad, of one thing I am sure, the lasting condemnation of the North.

I love peace more than life. Have loved the Union beyond expression. For four years have I waited, hoped, and prayed for the dark clouds to break, and for a restoration of our former sunshine. To wait longer would be a crime. All hope for peace is dead. My prayers have proved as idle as my hopes. God's will be done. I go to see and share the bitter end.

I have ever held the South were right. The very nomination of Abraham Lincoln, four years ago, spoke plainly war—war upon Southern rights and institutions. His election proved it. "Await an overt act." Yes, till you are bound and plundered. What folly! The South were wise. Who thinks of argument or patience when the finger of his enemy presses on the trigger? In a foreign war, I, too, could say, "Country, right or wrong." But in a struggle such as ours (where the brother tries to pierce the brother's heart), for God's sake choose the right. When a country like this spurns justice from her side, she forfeits the allegiance of every honest freeman, and should leave him, untrammelled by any fealty soever, to act as his conscience may approve.

People of the North, to hate tyranny, to love liberty and justice, to strike at wrong and oppression, was the teaching of our fathers. The study of our early history will not let me forget it, and may it never.

This country was formed for the *white*, not for the black man. And, looking upon *African slavery* from the same standpoint held by the noble framers of our Constitution, I, for one, have ever considered it one of the greatest blessings (both for themselves and us) that God ever bestowed upon a favored nation. Witness heretofore our wealth and power; witness their elevation and enlightenment above their race elsewhere. I have lived among it most of my life, and have seen less harsh treatment from master to man than I have beheld in the North from father to son. Yet, Heaven knows, no one would be willing to do more for the negro race than I, could I but see a way to still better their condition.

But Lincoln's policy is only preparing the way for their total annihilation. The South are not, nor have they been, *fighting* for the continuance of slavery. The first battle of Bull Run did away with that idea. Their causes since for war have been as noble and greater far than those that urged our fathers on. Even should we allow they were wrong at the beginning of this contest, cruelty and injustice have made the wrong become the right, and they stand now (before the wonder and admiration of the world) as a noble band of patriotic heroes. Hereafter, reading of *their deeds*, Thermopylæ will be forgotten.

When I aided in the capture and execution of John Brown (who was a murderer on our western border, and who was fairly *tried and convicted*, before an impartial judge and jury, of treason, and who, by the way, has since been made a god), I was proud of my little share in the transaction, for I deemed it my duty, and I was helping our common country to perform an act of justice. But what was a crime in poor John Brown is now considered (by themselves) as the greatest and only virtue of the whole Republican party. Strange transmigration! *Vice* to become a *virtue*, simply because *more* indulge in it!

I thought then, *as now*, that the Abolitionists were the *only traitors* in the land, and that the entire party deserved the same fate of poor old Brown, not because they wish to abolish slavery, but on account of the means they have ever endeavored to use to effect that abolition. If Brown were living I doubt whether *he himself* would set slavery against the Union. Most, or many, in the North do, and openly curse the Union, if the South are to return and retain a single right guaranteed to them by every tie which we once *revered as sacred*. The South can make no choice. It is either extermination or slavery for *themselves* (worse than death) to draw from. I know *my* choice.

I have also studied hard to discover upon what grounds the right of a State to secede has been denied, when our very name, United States, and the Declaration of Independence, *both provide* for secession. But there is no time for words. I write in haste. I know how foolish I shall be deemed for undertaking such a step as this, where, on the one side, I have many friends and everything to make me happy, where my profession alone has gained me an income of *more than twenty thousand dollars* a year, and where my great personal ambition in my profession has such a great field for labor. On the other hand, the South have never bestowed upon me one kind word; a place now where I have no friends, except beneath the sod; a place where I must either become a private soldier or a beggar. To give up all of the former for the latter, besides my mother and sisters whom I love so dearly (although they so widely differ with me in opinion), seems insane; but God is my judge. I love *justice* more than I do a country that disowns it; more than fame and wealth; more (Heaven pardon me if wrong) more than a happy home. I have never been upon a battle-field; but O my countrymen, could you all but see the *reality* or effects of this horrid war, as I have seen them (in *every State*, save Virginia), I know you would think like me, and would pray the Almighty to create in the Northern mind a sense of *right* and *justice* (even should it possess no seasoning of mercy), and that He would dry up this sea of blood between us, which is daily growing wider. Alas! poor country, is she to meet her threatened doom? Four years ago I would have given a thousand lives to see her remain (as I had always known her) powerful and unbroken. And even now I would hold my life as naught to see her what she was. O my friends, if the fearful scenes of the past four years had never been enacted, or if what has been had been but a frightful dream, from which we could now awake, with what overflowing hearts could we bless our God and pray for his continued favor! How I have loved the old flag can never now be known. A few years since and the entire world could boast of none so pure and spotless. But I have of late been seeing and hearing of the *bloody deeds* of which she has been made the emblem, and would shudder to think how changed she had grown. O how I have longed to see her break from the mist of blood and death that circles round her folds, spoiling her beauty, and tarnishing her honor. But no, day by day has she been dragged deeper and deeper into cruelty and oppression, till now (in my eyes) her once bright red stripes look like *bloody gashes* on the face of Heaven. I look now upon my early admiration of her glories as a dream. My love (as things stand to-day) is for the South alone. Nor do I deem it a dishonor in attempting to make for her a prisoner of this man, to whom she owes so much of misery. If success attend me, I go penniless to her side. They say she has found that "last ditch" which the North have so long derided, and been endeavoring to force her in, forgetting they are our brothers, and that it is impolitic to goad an enemy to madness. Should I reach her in safety and find it true, I will proudly beg permission to triumph or die in that same "ditch" by her side.

A Confederate, doing duty upon his own responsibility.

J. WILKES BOOTH.

MRS. HIRAM GEORGE, a young lady residing in Somerset, Mass., has lost a husband, two brothers and brother-in-law in different battles of the present rebellion. The husband was killed about four months ago. She is now called upon to mourn the loss of her two little sons, twins, about three years old, from scarlet fever and throat distemper.

A LETTER from Guaymas, Mexico, says that Governor Pesqueira has made ample preparations to defeat any force the Imperialists can send against Sonora. He had ordered the illumination of Guaymas on whenever Richmond was taken by the United States troops.

THREE men and one woman have been arrested for wilful defacement of the tombstones and gravestones in Woburn (Conn.) Cemetery. The pecuniary damage they have done is said to amount to $15,000.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

IMPORTANT MEETING OF CLERGYMEN.—THE CHRONICLE duly reported the results of the meeting of ministers held in the Foundry Church, on Monday morning, to adopt measures appropriate to the demise of our beloved Chief Magistrate, and of their adjournment to assemble in New York Avenue Church, yesterday morning, for the purpose of receiving tickets of admission to the East Room, and in a body attending the funeral solemnities.

Rev. Messrs. Hamilton, Edwards, Nadal, Ryan, Brown, Emery, and George V. Leech, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Rev. Ulysses Ward, and Oliver Cox, of the Methodist Protestant. The Baptist Church was represented by the Rev. Drs. Gillett, Samson, Gessford, Lewis, and W. T. Johnson. The Reverend and Captain E. D. Townsend, of the Veteran Reserve Corps, who was most cordially greeted by all present; Rev. Dr. Finckle, German Evangelical Church; Dr. E. L. Blake, Congregational; Rev. C. H. Raymond, Reformed Dutch Church; Rev. James Fox, New Jerusalem; Rev. E. M. Buerger, German Evangelical Lutheran; Rev. Y. Henn, German Evangelical Mission.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—The reverend and venerable Dr. Rudolph R. Gurley, J. P. Fisher, W. W. Campbell, John Chester, W. Y. Brown, chaplain of Douglas hospital; W. W. Winchester, chaplain of Finley hospital; Rev. Mr. Fernley, of the Methodist Episcopal Conference, Philadelphia, and the Rev. Mr. Beck, of "Rock Creek" Protestant Episcopal Church.

The following colored preachers and pastors of the several Methodist Churches: Rev. W. P. Butler, of John Wesley; R. H. Dyson, of Union; John A. Wilham, Galbraith; Samuel M. Gil, Wesley Zion; A. T. Bolton, Rock Creek Mission; David P. Johnson, Ebenezer; James Peck, Asbury; Richard Tompkins, Freedman Village; and the following clergymen who are not pastors: James A. Jones, George H. Washington, T. A. Davis, J. B. Trusty, G. Bexley, J. W. Leagnan, and E. A. Green.

Some time was spent in devotional exercises, after which Rev. Dr. Gillette was called to the chair, and the Rev. Dr. Nadal appointed secretary.

The committee appointed at the previous meeting to perfect the arrangement for tickets to the East Room not appearing, a committee consisting of Dr. Gillette, Dr. William Hamilton, Dr. Ryan, Dr. Samson, and Dr. Finckle, were appointed to visit the Hon. Mr. Harrington, and make inquiries in reference thereto.

The committee performed that duty, and reported that they had been cordially received by Mr. H., who informed them that about the hour of twelve fifty and sixty tickets were applied for and issued to parties represented to be ministers. It would afford him great pleasure to issue additional tickets for the members of the meeting convened, but he had not the power, the number of seats being disposed of.

Upon this information, great disappointment was experienced and expressed. Rev. Dr. Hamilton, the oldest active preacher of the Baltimore Conference, remarked that imperative business required his presence in Baltimore to-day, but he could not [illegible] paying his respect to the remains of our beloved President Lincoln was his desire to be present at the services, and to attend the funeral.

Rev. Mr. Fernley, of the Philadelphia Conference, said he had come all the way from that city to unite with his brethren in these sad ceremonies. Nearly all the members present added their appreciation of the character of the deceased Chief Magistrate, and desire to attend his funeral.

A committee was then appointed to prepare resolutions expressive of the sense of this meeting, which would explain to their respective congregations and the world the cause of their absence from the mournful ceremonies.

The substance of these resolutions expressed profound regret at not being permitted to share the solemnities of this painfully interesting occasion, and find their consolation in the consciousness that their deprivation is not the result of any fault of theirs.

The meeting then adjourned with a determination to make another effort to participate in the procession from the President's House to the Capitol. This assemblage of eminent Christian ministers, many of them among the most time-honored in our country, was truly refreshing to all. Their meek, yet harmonious, as patriotic and as all felt the dew upon the ear and heart, in the midst of our sadness.

FATAL STABBING AFFRAY.—On Monday night last, at about half past eleven o'clock, a quarrel occurred between Hugh McMahon, keeper of a restaurant at Ward's Hall, at the corner of Second street and Pennsylvania avenue, and his bar-tender, James Keithley. It appears from the testimony that McMahon charged Keithley with having robbed him, which Keithley denied, asserting that the money he was charged with taking was in McMahon's trunk. Testimony taken subsequently proved that the money was found at the quarrel in the trunk, as stated by Keithley. After the passage of a few more angry remarks, McMahon was stabbed five times. One of the wounds was about three inches in length, running above and to the right of the centre of the stomach, and from which the bowels protruded to a great extent. The other four were about muscles of the breast, and were not so dangerous. Officer Boyle, of the Fourth Ward, called in Dr. B. S. Walsh, who stated the wounds would certainly prove fatal. Officers Boyle and Hughlett, of the Fourth Ward, succeeded in arresting the murderer, at about 2 o'clock on Tuesday morning, at the residence of his parents, on M street, between Sixth and Seventh, near the navy-yard. McMahon died about four o'clock on Tuesday morning.

Keithley is about twenty-one years of age, and rather prepossessing in appearance. He had a hearing before Justice Giberson, at the Fourth Ward station-house, and was committed to jail for court.

Coroner Woodward held an inquest over the body of McMahon at 11 o'clock yesterday forenoon, when the jury agreed, from the evidence before them, that the deceased came to his death from wounds inflicted by a knife in the hands of James Keithley.

THE NATIONAL MILITARY AND NAVAL ASYLUM.—At a meeting held at the Smithsonian Institute last evening, of the corporators of the National Military and Naval Asylum, encouraging statements were made as to the future prospects of this most noble and worthy undertaking, the most eminent and able men of the country having pledged themselves and their means in the immediate placing the establishment on a working basis. The Asylum is for the totally disabled soldiers and sailors and of the volunteer forces of the United States, and will be supported by every loyal citizen.

The call for the organization was made March 14th, to take place yesterday, but on account of the sad state of mind of all interested, not a very general attendance of the corporators could be expected, but to-night a very full attendance will be had at Willard's Hotel, to which place the body adjourned to meet this evening at eight o'clock. All persons named in the Act of Congress establishing this institution as corporators, and all members of the Senate and House of Representatives now in the city, are earnestly invited to attend the meeting to-night.

WHERE OUR PRESIDENT DIED.—At the ministers' meeting in New York Avenue church yesterday morning, a brief space was spent in a "free conversation" on several points, when the Rev. Dr. Finckle, for many years the pastor of the German Evangelical Church, First Ward, said that, amid deep sorrow, he had consolation in the fact that our President died in the room occupied by a family of one of his oldest members, William Petersen, on Tenth street. From that very bed and bedstead two of Mr. Petersen's lovely children had both a short time since passed away to the "glory land," and their hope and prayers are that the same spirit of President Lincoln has followed these little lambs to join the general choir of angels above. Dr. F. spoke this with real German fervor and eloquence, which found a hearty response in the hearts of all present.

Mr. Petersen and his family have determined to keep that room sacred hereafter.

CRUSHED TO DEATH.—On Tuesday evening a colored man named Cæsar Brown, aged about fifty-five years, and living near Fort Bunker Hill, north of the city, was badly crushed by slipping between the Government granary wharf and a bay, while it was in motion, near Third street east and H street north. He was carried into the granary, where he died yesterday morning at about ten o'clock. His bowels were badly crushed, and no hopes were entertained of his recovery. Coroner Woodward held an inquest over the body at noon, when the jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the above facts.

Messrs. Phelps, of Maryland, and Nesmith, of New Jersey, have been added to the list of the Congressional Committee to accompany the remains of the late President to the State of Illinois, under the authority given to the chairman to fill vacancies in States and Territories not represented at the meeting on Monday. Messrs. Foot, of Vermont, and Sumner, of Massachusetts, having declined their appointments in consequence of other pressing engagements, Messrs. Baxter, of Vermont, is appointed in place of Mr. Foot, and Mr. Hooper, of Massachusetts, in place of Mr. Sumner.

All the members of the committee are requested to meet at the room of Governor Yates, of Illinois, No. 34, National Hotel, this (Thursday) morning, at 10 o'clock.

WELCOME HOME.—We have the pleasure to state that the Rev. Samuel M. Dickson and Rev. J. H. Effinger, two talented preachers of the Baltimore Annual Conference, returned home on Tuesday evening.

These young representatives of the American Methodist pulpit have been, during the last year, travelling in Europe, for the improvement of their health. They have visited Palestine, Egypt, Rome, and other countries of great interest, from whence they have brought some interesting and valuable relics. They met a most cordial reception at the residence of Samuel Dickson, Esq., merchant, of Georgetown, D. C.

FIRE.—A fire occurred this morning, at about 8 o'clock, in a negro shanty on O street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets. The mantle piece and a bedstead and bedding were consumed. The firemen were promptly on hand, and soon had the flames extinguished.

CITY ITEMS.

NONE SHOULD BE WITHOUT A MOURNING BADGE. Barnet & Co., 330 Pa. ave., have the best selection that can be found in the city. They are neat, appropriate, and cheap, and by consulting their advertisement in the special column, the soldier will find that this firm has on hand at all times the badge of any corps in the great Union army; also, emblems and insignia of every loyal society in existence.

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EASE IN ONE MINUTE.—Corns, Bunions, bad nails, enlarged joints, chilblains, warts, moles, &c., treated without pain by Dr. White, Surgeon Chiropodist, No. 434 Pennsylvania avenue, between Four-and-a-half and Sixth sts. Separate office for ladies. No charge for consultation. fe3-d&Sly

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was the commencement of a new era in the treatment of irregularities and obstructions which have consigned so many to a premature grave. No female can enjoy good health unless she is regular; and whenever an obstruction takes place, the general health begins to decline. These Pills form the finest preparation ever put forward with immediate and persistent success.

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Office, 420 Pennsylvania avenue, between Four-and-a-half and Sixth streets, where ladies and gentlemen desiring to consult with him can do so between the hours of 9 and 4 o'clock daily. The thorough knowledge of, and the lengthy practice which the Doctor has had in the treatment of all private diseases, those arising from imprudence and self-abuse, justifies him in bidding defiance to all competition in their cure. Those suffering cannot be too cautious to whom they apply as a physician, as this city is filled with quacks, impostors, and sharpers, whose only abilities are for deceiving the unwary and leading astray the unfortunate, instead of bringing them again into the paths of society.

Recent cases of venereal diseases cured in two days.

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And the first stages of
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486 OVAL PICTURE FRAMES, PICTURE CORD, TASSELS, &c. 486

The largest, handsomest, and richest assortment in the city, warranted to be gilded with gold leaf, and of superior workmanship.

Also, a beautiful stock of PICTURE CORD AND TASSELS, PICTURE RINGS, NAILS, &c., just received at J. MARKRITER'S, No. 486 Seventh street, eight doors above Odd Fellows' Hall. Terms cash. oc14-1yd&S

486 PAPER HANGINGS. 486

Just opened a beautiful assortment of Gold Embroidery, Medium-priced Gold, Satin, and Blank Papers, Borders, Statues, Centre Pieces, &c. Orders for PAPER-HANGING or WINDOW-SHADES punctually executed in the city or country. Terms cash for goods or labor.

J. MARKRITER,
No. 486 Seventh street, eight doors above Odd Fellows' Hall. oc14-1yd&S

486 WINDOW SHADES. 486

Fine stock of Gilt-band Window Shades now opening. Any required size or style of Shade made to order. Terms cash.

J. MARKRITER,
No. 486 Seventh street, eight doors above Odd Fellows' Hall. oc14-1yd&S

CARPETINGS & MATTINGS.

ENTERPRISE MILLS.

ATWOOD, RALSTON & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

[illegible]

AMUSEMENTS.

GROVER'S THEATRE.

MANAGER'S CARD.—The manager deems it proper to announce that, in view of the terrible calamity which has befallen our country in the untimely death of our beloved President, he considers it essential that the places of amusement in the city should remain closed until the general grief which overshadows our community shall have subsided. Acting upon this idea, he has closed the theatre for an indefinite period; the gentlemanly attachés of the establishment according him by annulling their engagements at a moment's notice. ap18-tf

FORD'S THEATRE.

NOTICE.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE GREAT NATIONAL CALAMITY, THIS THEATRE WILL BE CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

CANTERBURY

MUSIC HALL AND THEATRE.

A CARD.

MR. LEA

BEGS LEAVE TO INFORM

HIS PATRONS

THAT HIS THEATRE WILL BE CLOSED

DURING THE WEEK

IN RESPECT

TO THE MEMORY

OF OUR

BELOVED PRESIDENT,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

AUCTION SALES.

BY W. L. WALL & CO., AUCTIONEERS,
Washington Horse and Carriage Bazaar, on Louisiana avenue, bet. Ninth and Tenth sts.

SALE OF HORSES, CARRIAGES, &c.
On SATURDAY MORNING, April 22d next, we will sell at the Bazaar, commencing at 10 o'clock, a large number of Horses, Carriages, &c.

Included in the sale is a very superior pair of cream colored Horses, 6 and 7 years old, perfectly safe and gentle, and a delicable pair of horses, and only sold for want of use.

Also,
An excellent Family Carriage, nearly new, with pole and shafts, and built by Andrew Jones.

Also,
Sets of Double Harness.

Together with a large number of other Horses, of which description will be given at sale.
ap19-4t WM. L. WALL & CO., Aucts.

HIDES AND TALLOW.

Will be sold at Public Auction, on WEDNESDAY, the 26th instant, at 11 o'clock A. M., at Sixth-street Wharf, the following articles, more or less:

8,501 Salted Beef Hides.
219 Dry Beef Hides.
14 Dry Calf Skins.
495 Sheep Pelts.
24,114 Pounds of Tallow (Beef).
515½ Gallons Neatsfoot Oil.
2,043 Pounds of Tallow Scraps.
4,500 Pairs of Horns.
2,000 Assorted Empty Barrels.
Terms cash, in Government funds.

G. BELL,
Lieutenant Colonel and C. S.
Washington, April 14, 1865. ap15-4t

BY JAS. C. McGUIRE & CO., AUCTIONEERS.

PEREMPTORY SALE OF EIGHTEEN SMALL BUILDING LOTS, at the Corner of New Hampshire avenue and North L street.

On WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, April 19th, at 4½ o'clock, on the premises, we shall sell Eighteen Small Building Lots, situated at the corner of New Hampshire avenue and North L street, and fronting respectively on said streets.

This will be a fine opportunity for persons of small means to obtain a Lot.

Title perfect. Terms, one-third cash; the remainder in six and twelve months, with interest, secured by a deed of trust on the premises. Conveyances and stamps at the cost of the purchaser. A payment of $10 will be required on each lot at the time of sale.

JAMES C. McGUIRE & CO.,
ap8-10t (Star and Rep.) Auctioneers.

The above sale is postponed in consequence of the death of the President, until SATURDAY AFTERNOON, April 22d, same hour and place.

JAS. C. McGUIRE & CO.,
ap19 (Repub and Star) Auctioneers.

BY JAS. C. McGUIRE & CO., AUCTIONEERS.

CHANCERY SALE OF VALUABLE IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED PROPERTY ON DELAWARE AVENUE, BETWEEN B AND C STREETS NORTH, NEAR THE CAPITOL GATE.

On WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, April 19, at half-past 5 o'clock, on the premises, by virtue of a decree of the late Circuit Court and an amended decree of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, sitting as a Court of Equity, the latter decree, dated April 25, 1864, and rendered in a cause, No. 758, wherein Elizabeth Brent is complainant, and Charles Brent and others defendants, the undersigned trustee will sell all of Lots 8 and 9, and part of 10, in Square No. 685, as follows:

All of Lot No. 8, fronting 51 feet 6 inches on Delaware avenue, between North B and C streets, and running back an average depth of 134½ feet to a 30-feet alley, improved by a large and well-arranged three-story Brick Dwelling House, with

[illegible]

Daily Chronicle.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1865.

A POEM RECITED BY MR. LINCOLN.

To the Editor of the New York Evening Post:

I have been urged by several friends to send you the enclosed poem, written down by myself from Mr. Lincoln's lips, and although it may not be new to all of your readers, the events of the last week give it now a peculiar interest.

The circumstances under which this copy was written are these: I was with the President alone one evening in his room, during the time I was painting my large picture at the White House, last year. He presently threw aside his pen and papers, and began to talk to me of Shakspeare. He sent little "Tad," his son, to the library to bring a copy of the plays, and then read to me several of his favorite passages, showing genuine appreciation of the great poet. Relapsing into a sadder strain, he laid the book aside, and, leaning back in his chair, said:

"There is a poem which has been a great favorite with me for years, which was first shown to me, when a young man, by a friend, and which I afterward saw and cut from a newspaper and learned by heart. I would," he continued, "give a great deal to know who wrote it, but I have never been able to ascertain."

Then half closing his eyes he repeated to me the lines which I enclose to you. Greatly pleased and interested, I told him I would like, if ever an opportunity occurred, to write them down from his lips. He said he would some time try to give them to me. A few days afterward he asked me to accompany him to the temporary studio of Mr. Swayne, the sculptor, who was making a bust of him at the Treasury Department. While he was sitting for the bust I was suddenly reminded of the poem, and said to him that *then* would be a good time to dictate it to me. He complied, and sitting upon some books at his feet, as nearly as I can remember, I wrote the lines down, one by one, from his lips.

With great regard, very truly yours,

F. B. CARPENTER.

O, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift, fleeing meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid,
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of Rest.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen—
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died; we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
O why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

Loyalty of New York.

[From the N. Y. Commercial, April 18.]

Encouraged by its former chief Magistrate, the enemies of the Republic were led, at the outset of the rebellion, to hope for substantial aid in men and materials from New York City, to further their nefarious schemes. Deceived by such men, and the prevailing belief at the South that Cotton was King, they boldly asserted that the sympathies of our business community were, and would continue to be with them, and confidently looked for the "marching down" in "Dixie" of the hundred thousand friends from this "free city." The magnificent uprising following the fall of Fort Sumter dispelled all illusions of this kind, and caused, as a friend writing from Georgia at the time expressed it, the South to tremble from centre to circumference.

After the lapse of a year or more, the cry of disloyalty in New York, so suddenly dropped by the South, was taken up by the North, and from that time to this, provincial journals have descanted upon metropolitan disaffection. It cannot be denied that there have been some grounds for this—the conscription outbreak in 1863, for instance; but in imputing disloyal proclivities to the mass of our citizens, outsiders have judged us simply by the actions of the few. They have forgotten that here is the headquarters of all the fugitive secessionists from the South (estimated last year at nearly twenty thousand among us), that here flows the bilge-water of the Republic, leaving its lees and feces in our streets and byways. The odor arising from this mass of pollution has been mistaken for the real purity of our political atmosphere, until at home and abroad the impression has come to be entertained that New York is not in full sympathy with the Federal cause.

But what city or community can compare with our own in its gifts of men and money to the cause of the Union? New York has, from the start, taken the lead in every good word and work. Every demand upon her resources has been invariably met. Whether called upon to meet the wants of our soldiers at the front, to provide for the sick and wounded, to furnish testimonials to our soldiers and sailors, or homes to our generals and admirals, the citizens of the metropolis have promptly responded.

But what greater proof (if such were needed) of our loyalty could be presented than is seen in the appearance of New York at this time—in the prevailing sadness and gloom which has followed the announcement of the death of the President? Not only our great thoroughfares, but the lanes and by-ways of the city, are enshrouded in the habiliments of mourning. Every countenance, rich and poor, bears a look of sadness. The passing crowds are on the alert to catch and summarily punish the first intimation of approval of the foul deed which has deprived the nation of its head, while secession sympathizers are hunted down and sentenced to six months' confinement by democratic judges.

It is upon such great occasions as these, when the Union sentiment, seemingly at times latent, is revealing itself, that our countrymen and Europeans should turn to New York and judge whether or not we as a city are true to the great cause.

Spurious Shells and Fossils.

The manufacture of spurious fossil remains has been lately carried on to a considerable extent in England. The Manchester *Guardian* says:

At a meeting of the Manchester Geological Society, held on Tuesday, M. J. Plant said that he wished to call the attention of the meeting to a serious fraud that had been going on for some time among excavators at the Macclesfield New Cemetery. The excavations had been made in gravels that belonged to the drift, and a number of fragments of shells belonging to a recent period, and occasionally a fossil nearly perfect, had been found by the workmen, and these had fallen into the hands of gentlemen interested in the geology of the locality. Encouraged by the pecuniary results of their discoveries, some of the workmen had supplied spurious shells, obtained from their friends at Liverpool, Southport, or in Ireland, and they had even robbed rockeries and garden-plots that had contained shell-work. The shells so obtained were subjected to the action of fire or acid, to deprive them of their epidermis, and to bring on a [illegible] to give them a [illegible] they were afterwards baked [illegible] and had imparted to them the [illegible] tinge.

Having no knowledge of species, some of the workmen had operated on West Indian and African shells, specimens of which Mr. Plant produced. But the most audacious fraud they had attempted was the manufacture of a fossil. They had very cleverly set a *mactra (stultorum)* in a piece of Ketton oolite. The shell, which had the peculiar pink tinge of the species, was so cleverly cemented with the oolite that even an ordinary geologist might have been deceived. One of the workmen had said to a gentleman writing to Mr. Plant "that they had made a good thing of it. They had deceived the museums of London, Manchester, and Liverpool, and there had been a fine set of people asking them for the shells." Such a dispersion might lead to very erroneous deductions as to the origin of the diluvial drift of Macclesfield, and he (Mr. Plant) thought it right to mention the fraud to the society, so that it might be exposed. The thanks of the meeting were given to Mr. Plant for the course he had adopted.

Hu Sing-Mi, a young Chinaman, recently admitted on trial by the Newark Methodist Conference, is the son of a mandarin of the military order, who, with several members of his family, had embraced the Christian faith under the teaching of the missionaries at Fuchau. The young man came to this country nearly four years ago, with Rev. Dr. Wentworth, and remained in New York for two years, pursuing such studies as it was then thought would best prepare him for the work to which his life is to be devoted.

The first soap factory in California began operations in the spring of 1849. There are now fourteen in San Francisco, and the amount of soap manufactured is nearly three hundred thousand pounds a month.

GENERAL AGENTS.

P. H. WELCH & CO., MILITARY & NAVAL AGENTS, Office, No. 344 Penn. avenue, Washington Building, Room No. 11.

Officers' Accounts adjusted, Stoppages of Pay removed, Certificates of Non-indebtedness obtained from Ordnance, Quartermaster, and Commissary Departments, on shortest notice. Money advanced pending settlement.

Officers not wishing to remain in the city will do well to leave their accounts with us for settlement.

We also collect Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, and Compensation for Horses lost in service.

Post Office address, Box 93, Washington, D. C.

LEWIS S. WELLS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, late Chief Clerk in the Bureau for the examination of Officers' Accounts in the Quartermaster General's Office, Washington, D. C. S. H. DUNAN, late Capt. A. Q. M. and Disbursing Officer in the Quartermaster's Department, at Baltimore, Md. WELLS & DUNAN, General Collection and Business Agents. ...

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GOOD HOPE PETROLEUM COMPANY OF NEW YORK. ORGANIZED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

$750,000 .... CAPITAL

75,000 SHARES.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE AND PAR OF SHARES, $10.

WORKING CAPITAL, $75,000.

No Personal Liability. No Future Assessment.

PRESENT DAILY YIELD OF OIL:

From Well No. 12, McFate Farm, 12½ barrels. When prospectus was issued, March 1, this well was in process of tubing. On the 8th instant information was received that oil had been struck. The well now flows 100 barrels per day, the "Good Hope" having ½ interest ... 12½ ...

PETROLEUM. THE NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PETROLEUM COMPANY ... CAPITAL, ONE MILLION DOLLARS ...

POTOMAC OIL COMPANY ...

GIFT ENTERPRISE.

GEO. DEMERIT & CO., JEWELLERS, 303 Broadway, New York (corner Duane street).

100,000 WATCHES, CHAINS, GOLD PENS, AND PENCILS, &c., &c., worth $500,000,

To be sold at ONE DOLLAR EACH, without regard to value, and not to be paid until you know what you will receive.

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES, ALL TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Watches	35 00 each.
500 Silver Watches	$ 15 00 to 25 00 each.
600 Gold Neck & Vest Chains	12 00 to 15 00 each.
1,000 Chatelaine and Guard Chains	5 00 to 15 00 each.
3,000 Vest and Neck Chains	4 00 to 12 00 each.

...

GREAT DISTRIBUTION BY THE EUREKA GIFT ASSOCIATION, 193 AND 197 BROADWAY, NEW YORK ... ROSEWOOD PIANOS, MELODEONS, FINE OIL PAINTINGS, ENGRAVINGS, SILVER-WARE, FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, AND ELEGANT JEWELRY ... $500,000 ...

FINANCIAL.

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND, ENGLAND, GERMANY, FRANCE, AND SWITZERLAND ...

STERLING EXCHANGE ON THE principal cities of England, France, Germany, and Switzerland ...

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF WASHINGTON.

H. D. COOKE (of Jay Cooke & Co.), President.

WM. S. HUNTINGTON, Cashier.

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7.30 NATIONAL LOAN 7.30 ...

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ORPHANS' COURT, APRIL 15, 1865 ...

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